

L A  
M U S E  
D E (7)  
CAVALIER,  
O R,

An APOLOGY for such Gentlemen,  
as make POETRY their Diversion, not  
their Business.

[By John Broad Cutler.]

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In a LETTER from a Scholar of Mars,  
to one of Apollo.

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Nov. 10. 1685. This may be Printed, R. L. S.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Tho. Fox, at the Angel and  
Star in Westminster-hall. 1685.

MUSEE

CAVALLER

OR

A HISTORY OF THE CAVALRY

OF THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE

FROM THE FIRST TO THE PRESENT

BY M. DE LA FAYETTE

OF THE ORDER OF THE SAINTES

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# LA MUSE DE CAVALIER.

**D**AMON, I'm told the Poets take it ill  
That I am call'd a Brother of the Quill;  
To end their Jealousie, I quit the Name,  
And tho' I honour a true Poet's Fame,  
Yet, since my Genius points out other Ways,  
And bids me strive for Laurels, not for Bays,  
I'll keep my Heart for Great Bellonas Charms,  
If e're she takes me to her Glorious Arms,  
She shall Command my Fortune and my Life,  
My Muse is but my Mistress, not my Wife.

Sometimes, to pass my idle Hours away,  
 Or ease at Night the Troubles of the Day,  
 Her pleasing Company diverts my Mind,  
 And helps my weary Temples to unbind.

The painful Tiller whistles to his Plow,  
 And as the rural Virgin milks her Cow,  
 Without offence to more accomplish'd Art,  
 An untaught Melody revives her Heart:  
 So I, who labour in Life's painful Field,  
 With harmless Pleasure strive my Cares to gild;  
 Whilst, in wild Notes, my heedless Thoughts I sing,  
 And make the Neighb'ring Groves and Eccho's ring.

Like those, who paint for Pastime, not for Gain,  
 I sit me down upon the spacious Plain,  
 And, looking here and there amongst the Throng,  
 I take rough sketches, as they pass along ;

Nor

Nor Do I follow any other Rules,  
But drawing Knaves like Knaves, and Fools like Fools.

I grant you, 'tis a Method out of Use,  
But 'tis the best for my unpolish'd Muse ;  
She has not learn'd to flatter for Applause,  
Or laugh at any Man without a Cause ;  
To injure Virtuous Women for a Jest,  
That none may pass for better than the rest :  
Or do like some, who, when they are refus'd,  
And, for their fond Impertinence, abus'd,  
Vent their weak Malice in a lewd Lampoon,  
And blast the Ladys Fame to save their own ;  
A Fault the Sparks are much addicted to,  
They do't themselves, or pay for those that do.  
My Muse has no *Mecenas* to admire  
In Raptures high as Thought, and sometimes higher ;

Nor

Nor, if she had one, could she make him pass  
 For witty, if his Lordship were an Ass;  
 Or gild his darnish'd Name with, *Good* and *Just*,  
 If he liv'd loosely, or betray'd his Trust:  
 Nor can she, to oblige a sottish Town,  
 Bribe their lewd Fancies for a false Renown,  
 By praising Vice, and crying Virtue down.

This makes some little *Criticks* fume and rage,  
 And, in a League, against my Lines engage;  
 They are not so concern'd for Wit, or Art,  
 But 'tis the Truth that stabs 'em to the Heart.  
 If stripping Folly of that gay Attire,  
 Which Knaves invent, and Fools so much admire,  
 I shew her naked to the World, that so  
 Men by the Aspect, may the Demon know;  
 Some more notorious Fool, that thinks he's hit,  
 Cry's Z-----ds, do's he pretend to be a Wit?

D-- me, if e're I heard such silly stuff,  
There he breaks off : And speaks the rest in Souff.

And who is this, so pithy and so short ?  
A Country-Blockhead, or a Fop at Court ?  
Some Heir, whose Father (snatch'd away by Fate)  
Left the young Spark less Judgment than Estate,  
With nothing but a modern Education,  
To Hunt, and Hawk, and Whore, for Recreation,  
And Drink, in Honour of his Prince and Nation ;  
A Bubble, that has nothing in't but Air,  
Is driv'n, by every Blast, it knows not where :  
Just such an empty Thing is this young Sor,  
Who talks by Rote, and thinks he knows not what.  
Such Criticks I may possibly forgive,  
Because (poor Things) they speak as they believe.

Or



Or is't a Milkop, that has liv'd at Court,  
 That Glorious School, tho' ne'r the better for't ?  
 Bred up in fruitless Luxury and Ease,  
 Wash'd and perfum'd into a soft Disease,  
 That makes him fear the Wind, the Rain, or Sun,  
 As bad as some raw Captains do a Gun ;  
 Who can no Bus'ness, but the Ladys, do,  
 And that sometimes, I doubt but weakly too :  
 The Censure of so visible an Afs  
 Won't hurt me much : And therefore let it pass.

Is it a feeble Scribler, that pursues  
 His own Disgrace by fooling with a Muse ?  
 Who, in her forc'd Embraces, vainly strives,  
 Like some old Citizens with brisk young Wives.  
 But hold----At this (methinks) he cocks his Hat,  
 And smiling, says, I love you, Sir, for that,

You



You laugh at Faults, which You (Your self) commit,  
 Unless y're lately set up for a Wit.  
 No, Child. But what I write is Sense and True,  
 And that is more than can be said of you.  
 Besides, if I've a Mind to play the Fool,  
 (Because, you know, 'tis Modish, and looks cool,)  
 You'll own, I may ; And so, you'll say, may you,  
 By the same Rule. No doubt on't : Prithee do.  
 Let me be quiet, and do what you will ;  
 Write Essays, say fine Things, and Rhyme your fill ;  
 Make Prologues, Epilogues, Love-Songs, and Satyr ;  
 And, at low Ebb of Fancy, turn Translator ;  
 Disgrace the *Theater* with Senseless Farce,  
 Or stately Nonsense in Heroick Verse,  
 With Plays, that thwart the meaning of the Stage,  
 And help not to instruct, but spoil, the Age,  
 In which, to turn true Virtue out o' Doors,  
 The Hero's all are Sots, the Ladys Whores :

The Times will bear it, and it is no more  
 Than many such as you have done before.  
 But meddle not with me; Or, if you must,  
 Be sure the Faults you find are very just,  
 For if I parry ye, expect a Thrust.

But if a Sary-rit in Masquerade;  
 Who hides himself, because he is afraid,  
 Like Murderers, attacks me in the Dark,  
 I know not how to deal with such a Spark:  
 Yet, if I catch him, I'll his Crimes rehearse,  
 And have the Rogue hang'd up in Chains of Verse.

As for the rambling injudicious Wits,  
 Who talk all Weathers, and speak Sense by Fits;  
 If they should, in my Absence, run me down,  
 And to expose my Weakness, shew their own:

Let

Let 'em be quiet, and enjoy their Way;  
 They answer to the fall, what else they say;  
 Satyr upon themselves; They save my Writing;  
 And every Thing they say is Devilish biting.

In short, Each partial Censurer is free  
 To play the Fool himself, and laugh at me;  
 Let him contrive to carp at what he will;  
 Sense will be Sense, and he a Block-head still.

And, *Damon*, since I make this Declaration  
 That Poetry's my Pleasure, not Vocation,  
 You and your Breth'ren ought not to refuse  
 Such Pastime to an unpretending Muse.  
 The War, you say, 's my Calling. And what then?  
 You use a Sword; Why may not I a Pen?  
 You give a Souldier leave to eat and drink;  
 And, prithee, why not give him leave to think?

You may indulge with safety all that do,

There are not many like to trouble you.

Then let each Party lay their Quarrels by,

Mind their own Trade, and live in Charity.

We for an Iron-Harvest will prepare,

And plow for Honour in the Fields of War :

While you are taught more safe and gentle ways,

To purchase an Inheritance of Praise :

But now and then, to vary for Delight,

Fight you like Poets, we'll like Souldiers write.

To

To the Author  
OF  
L A M U S E  
DE  
CAVALIER.

**T**Hou say'st thou'rt *Mars's* Scholar, and 'tis true,  
So far, we own, th'ast giv'n thy self thy due;  
For thou art ev'n as much to learn in Fight  
(Tho' thou dost praise thy Writing) as to write.  
Yet thou art angry, that the World thinks fit  
To brand thy Poems with the want of Wit;  
And, in thy Vindication, writ so ill,  
Y'ave giv'n the World fresh Cause to laugh on still.  
Ev'n *Bessus* has to Courage more Pretence,  
Than you, a *Brother of the Quill*, to Sense:

For

For thou hast bitten ev'ry thing so pat,

---

No Body knows what 'tis thou wou'd'st be at.

Write on then, Friend, carp at the Stage and Court,

Some Authors were created for our Sport,

And thou art one--- who, with such mighty Pains,

Hast prov'd thou hast large *Ear*, but little *Brains*.

To



To an unknown SCRIBLER, Who  
directed a railing Paper to the Author of  
*LA MUSE de CAVALIÈR*, &c.

EASING my Body, t'other Day,  
Or sh---g, as a Man may say,  
My Foot-man brought me in your Rhymes  
(How luckily Things hit sometimes !)  
No Posture could have been so fit  
To deal with such a desp'rate Wit,  
Who is at War with Common Sense,  
And plays the Fool in's own Defence.

But whilst thou think'st to laugh at me,  
All Men of Judgment smile, to see  
How Nature makes a Jest of Thee,  
In giving thee a Fatal Itch  
To talk of Things above thy Pitch.

By



By such weak Spight as Thine, we find  
 How Heav'n has to the World been kind,  
 In tempering the Knave with Fool,  
 And making Envious Railers dull:

Thou say'st, *I carp at Court and Stage,*  
 But thou art blinded with thy Rage,  
 I only carp at Sots, like Thee,  
 Who are to both an Infamy.  
 Thou say'st, I'm vex'd, the World thinks fit  
 To brand my Verse with want of Wit :  
 Because it happens so to Thee,  
 Thou sain would'st turn it upon Me.  
 Thy Muse sings hoarse, and out of Time,  
 An arrant *Billings-gate* in Rhyme :  
 Therefore, when I had read thy Verse,  
 In Answer to't, I wip'd——  
 And if thy Name thou'lt let me know,  
 I'll do so with the Author too.

F I N I S.